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CHELSEA'S
PICTURES



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Alfred C. Dorr
Book 4

G. W. Dorr
Barnstable
Mass.

This is my Book

Ed. Leonard

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THE CHILD'S PICTURES.



FEEDING GOD'S SPARROWS.

YES, that is right. Be kind to the hungry little birds. "Your Heavenly Father feedeth them." And is it not a very pleasant thought that he has given you some spare crumbs to throw out for them?



THE GOOD BOOK.

WELL may they read it, and study it together. It is the only book that can make her the best of mothers, and her pet the best of daughters. God's word, if they love and obey it, will bring them both at last to God's house above.



HARDY AND FEARLESS,

THE tough little fellow has fairly earned success, venturing over the lofty cliff in search of eggs or young birds. Only I hope he has God's warrant to take the eggs, and is earning an honest livelihood by it, and not committing a needless and cruel robbery.



THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

A BRIGHT clear day, a smooth road, horses that love to go, pleasant company, a good conscience, and a heart to bless God for all these good things, make a pleasant sleigh-ride. Don't forget the Giver, while you enjoy his gifts; and let some of your happiness overflow to cheer the poor and the infirm.



THE ICE-BOUND SHIP.

FROZEN in till next summer! far up in the regions of polar bears, where for many days the sun hardly shows itself at all above the ice, and where hot coffee will freeze in the open air while dropping to the ground! How many a brave fellow has died there of hunger, and cold, and dreary home-sickness!



ROLL AWAY, BOYS!

Roll away! Roll up all the fun you can, only have it snow-white and pure. Roll up good habits, roll up learning, and skill, and self-control, and a good name, and works of love to God and to man. Roll up things that will last when snow-balls and worlds are no more.



LITTLE FINGERS.

OH how busy little fingers are! fat little fingers, mischievous, touching, stealing, patting, good, naughty, dear little fingers! They vex mamma, and worry her, and caress her. She wonders what they will do next. She loves them, and begs God to make them good, kind, useful.



WINTRY WEATHER.

WINTER is cold, but cheery. It nips our fingers and toes, to hint to us to keep them warm with good works, to remember the poor, to make home happy, and send as much sunshine and warmth as we can to the homes around us. He that giveth to the poor lendeth unto the Lord.



THE GIRL'S PETS.

SOMETHING to love, to feed, to call your own, to care for and play with; something that will come at your call, and play with you, and love you back, and be happier for your owning it. If you have any pets, take good care of them.



PRAY, mother, pray!

FATHER is cold, and weary.

Shake our fingers and toes, to hint
to us to keep them warm with good
works, to remember the poor, to
make home happy, and send as
much sunshine and warmth as we
can to the homes around us. He
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SCHOOL IN A BARN.

THESE poor ragged boys seem very glad to be taught. And who would not gladly help a boy who may be saved from a life of sin, and become a blessing to his friends, an honor to his country, yes, and a son of God! All of them are in danger of being thieves and drunkards; can you help save them?



A SISTER'S THOUGHTS.

How sweetly baby has slept! and how fresh and bright he has waked up this morning! I wonder if angels did really come and see to him in the night. If they did not, I know One that did, who "never slumbers nor sleeps." And he gives his angels charge over us too.



THE FIGHTING COCKS.

THEY are very fierce and earnest, and with their bloody combs and torn feathers will soon be a sorry sight—a warning to boys and girls not to let their angry passions rise. Anger is a short madness.



THE YOUNG CHAMPION.

STAND your ground, my boy! Look him in the eye, and hit him hard if you can. You are right and he is wrong; and man is master of the brutes. Defend your little sister at all risks; only be sure, before you begin, that you must and ought to do it.



ST. BERNARD DOG.

TIRED out, faint and cold, this poor traveller over the Alps would sleep his last sleep but for this brave, hardy, and sagacious dog. He licks his face and hands, and barks to rouse him up, that he may take more food and clothing, and follow his kind guide to the house.



DRUMS and rocking-horses become tiresome after a while, and then, or at almost any other time, one of grandfather's good stories is very welcome. How many wonderful things he has seen! and he can tell of thirty different times when he has come very near dying, by sickness or accidents.



KIT AND THE BALL OF YARN.

KITTY is highly delighted with this round, well shaped, easy rolling ball, and loves to tap it and see it roll. She half believes there is some live thing in it, but looks and listens and smells in vain. Then she gives it another toss, little caring what trouble she makes for her little mistress. Oh what fun!



RURAL LIFE.

WHAT a pleasant story this picture tells, of fondness and care on one side, and of love and trust on the other. Happy the boy who can have these pure and simple pleasures of country life, and who so acts towards all as to secure their love.



THE NEST ON THE BOUGH.

WHAT would the birds do if there were no trees to build their nests in, and furnish them food? And what a charm the trees would lose, if there were no bright and gay birds to flit through them, and to sing among their branches!



THE thistle and the butterfly are near ⁺ together, and the hand too eager to catch the one may be torn by the other. Let us hope that some thorn may always be at hand to keep us away from any rose we ought not to pluck.



THE little boy looking on means to be a rider himself by-and-by. And so, I hope, does every boy that reads this, as soon as he can find the horse to ride and the safe friend to teach him how. Every boy should learn to ride and to swim: it may be useful to him in many ways.



POOR BIRD!

Pussy with her sharp claws can climb the trees, and catch the young birds if they have not learned to fly. After that, they can keep out of her way. If there were too many birds, our strawberries and cherries might fall short.



THE THREE PLAYMATES.

NEDDY is very patient, and is more than willing to lend his back to the boys for a ride. But he likes a little fun too; and the boys don't always find it easy to get on his back, nor to stay on when once fairly mounted.



“Who’s afraid of cold weather?” says the snow-bird, with his warm coat of feathers, hovering round our houses for seeds and crumbs. “Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.”



THE BUSY LITTLE FLY has life and motion. Babe is charmed with the merry buzzing of its wings and its eager air, and he wants to take the little wonder in his own hands, and look at it more closely. But I fear he would soon pull it in pieces.



HOME PLEASURES.

BIDDY AND BUNNY are on very friendly terms with each other, and are likely to be well fed and cared for, if we can judge from honest Harry's looks. Evidently love rules in the house, and I think it rules in the barnyard. Even the dumb beasts ought to know that their master is a Christian.



POOR SAILOR BOY!

THEY are all dead and gone. The house is closed, and you have no home! But be comforted; your heavenly Father has made arrangements for you; kind neighbors are on their way to help you. There *is* a home for you, both here and in heaven, if you love and serve Christ.



THE BUSY BEE.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower.

In works of duty or of skill
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.



ANTS.

THESE little people in glossy black work hard, live frugally, and manage wisely. Let no careless foot, still less a wilful one, crush them.

“Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise.”



ONE WAY TO KISS.

GIRLS who have had a quarrel, sometimes *pretend* to “make up,” when after all they have the same angry feelings as before. They are told to “kiss and be friends” again; but we can all see, and God too, how little love they have.



REAL RECONCILIATION.

KISSES of forgiveness and real love are above price. We all do wrong sometimes, and suffer wrong; and we must forgive, just as heartily as we want God and men to forgive us—rubbing it all out, and forgetting it as soon as possible.



NETTIE is sorry to see the rain, for it keeps her close shut up at home. But she will say to herself, "Well, I know that my flowers, and all the trees and all the farmers are glad of it, and everybody else that wants fruit, and corn to eat. And then it comes from above, just as if God's hand was sprinkling it down on us pure and sweet. Dear rain!"



“CONSENT THOU NOT.”

Who does not love good ripe cherries? But stolen cherries are sure to make you sick, with a kind of sickness very hard to cure. A good conscience is better than a tickled palate; and all wrong-doing leaves bitter pains, when its short pleasures are fled. What good did Adam and Eve get from their stolen fruit?



How beautiful and grand! "It walks the water like a thing of life," a wonderful work of man's skill and power. But if we could stand where we could see the great round world roll by before us, whose skill and power should we think of?



BEAUTIFUL views are found all over the world. But what if there were no sunlight, to show us the clouds, the hills, the water and the land, in so many different forms and colors ! And what good would they all do if there were no millions of eyes to enjoy them ?



How happy and free the birds are! How many different kinds there are, with different sizes and forms and colors and notes and habits! Who but God would have thought to make them, and the air for them to fly in, and to bring us their gay little songs?



How much good sense, fidelity, and honesty are shown in this fine face. One would think that many of our boys would be ashamed to look him in the eye. Do you believe he would steal from that basket, even if it was full of meat?



THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

NEXT to mother herself, the little folks can hardly have a better and more needful friend than the good, patient, motherly cow, whose wholesome milk is so necessary for the growing boy or girl. What a blessing she is to us all, and how good and wise is He that gave her to us.



HOME FLOWERS.

EVERY home ought to have flowers, even the brick house in the city, with its few feet of border. Yes, have some pet flowers if you can, summer and winter too. Home will be the happier for them, and its living flowers more blooming and amiable.



TELLING MOTHER.

"I'LL tell mother of you," said a little boy to his sister.

"Tell her," answered Maggie. "You can't tell her anything naughty of me, that I don't tell her myself."

That is right. Let every boy and girl tell mother when they do wrong, and they will not keep on doing it, I am sure.



ONLY A FLOWER TO GIVE.

SHE has no money to buy a costly present for her dear teacher, but she loves her none the less, and her little handful of flowers is all bright and sweet and dewy with real love and gratitude; and I'm sure her teacher will value it very highly. Many such a little gift has been cherished for years.



DRUNK IN THE SNOW.

Do you think he said his "Now I lay me" before he went to sleep in the snow? If he should really die before he wakes, what would become of his soul? Is it God, or the evil one, that wants you to learn to use any drink that leads to such results as this? "Touch not, taste not, handle not," and you are safe.



ROBBIE IN A PET.

FEELING ugly is about the worst feeling one can have. It begins in the heart, but soon shows itself in the face, and in the actions. Robbie ought to have a looking-glass held up where he can see just how he looks and acts, when he is cross and angry. What a hateful passion it must be, that makes a dear boy look so!



THE TURTLE-DOVE.

THERE is a holy Dove that sings
To every Christian child,
That whispers to his little heart
A song so sweet and mild.

It is the blessed Holy Ghost
That speaks his soul within,
That leads him on to all things good,
And holds him back from sin.



NOT FRIENDS YET.

THEY are talking it over though. Ponto would like to drive puss off, and keep the ground for himself. But he is a little afraid of her, and he knows she is now one of the family, and has as much right there as he has. So they will both think it best to become good friends.



It seems, to a young boy, as though he would never be an old man. That time is so far off as to be wholly out of sight. But to the old man, the time seems very short, and like a dream in the night, or a tale that is told.



How many a happy hour passes in the quiet safety of our Christian homes—in mother's company, with a good book to read and talk with her about. We may think little of these pure pleasures while they are passing, but in after years many a sad and broken heart looks back to them with longing.



FLOWER VOICES.

BUTTERCUPS and daisies,
And the violets sweet—
Flowers of field and garden—
All their voices meet,
And their Maker's praises
To our souls repeat.



A BIRTHDAY WISH.

Oh, for my boy a humble seat
On Calvary's mount at Jesus' feet;
And a home at last on the happy
 plains
Where the glorious Saviour ever
 reigns:-

God grant thee this.

A. E. Dunn

Wm. B. Dunn

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